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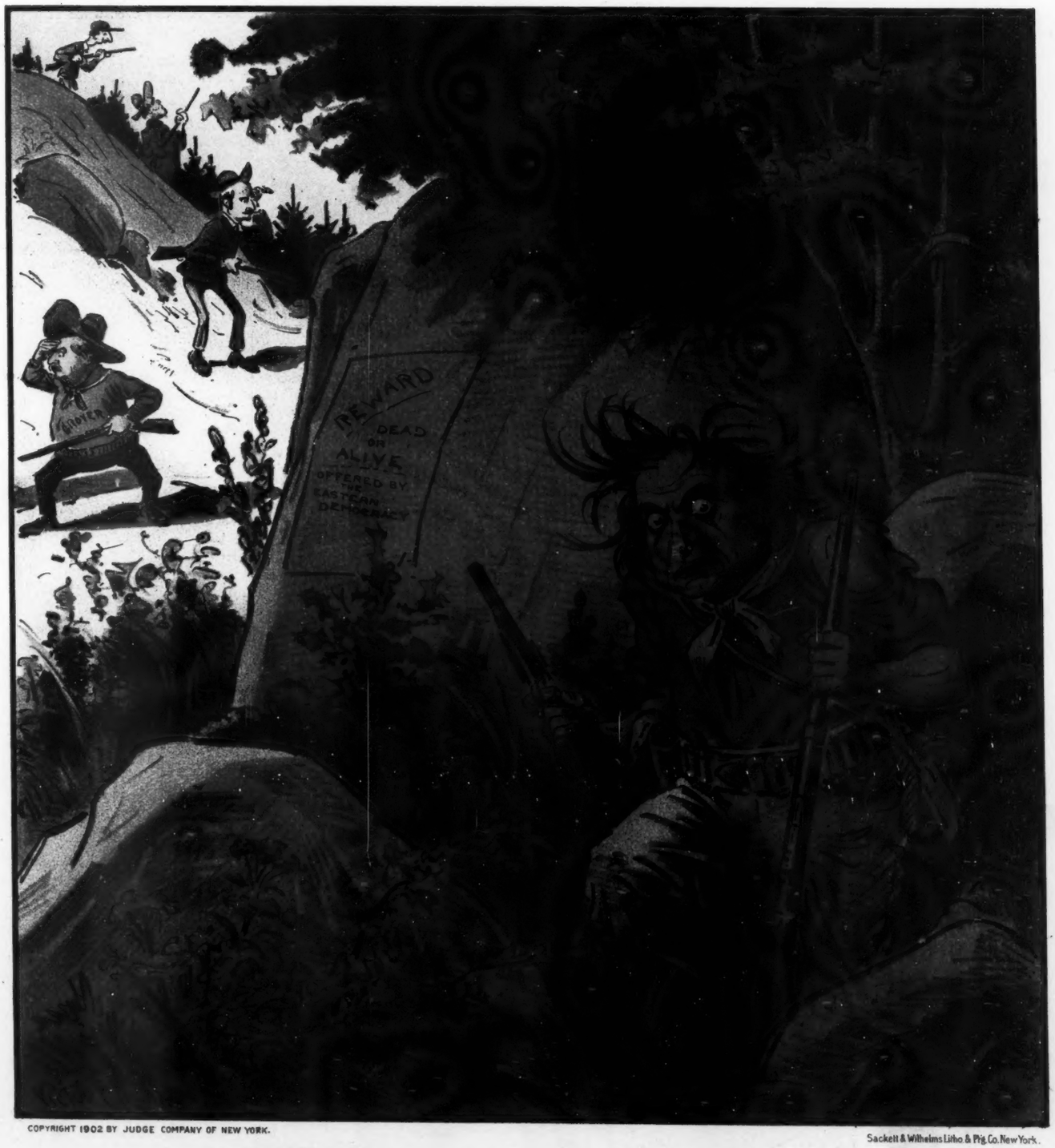

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BRYAN THE DEMOCRATIC TRACY.

Judge

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MUSING, the bull-dog burbles while he pants,
The uncanned corn begilds the grinning mobs;
Around the field the brinded bullock bobs,
While on the rail the cow-bird chirps and chants.
The grim mosquito deep his sickle plants
Into the skull that reddens while it throbs;
And while the ocean musically sobs
The boniface anent his losses rants.
We hear the spry "electric's" whirling whizz
Within the high roof-garden of the town,
And watch lush houris sing and kick care-free,
Only to dream, while sipping beer or fizz,
Of that fair peach that does them all up brown—
The peerless peach that dreams beside the sea.

* * *

FLANNEL is the stuff that dreams of feminine bathing-suits are made of.

* * *

AFTER ALL is said and done, the consensus of opinion in superstitious circles will still remain that only the only Pierpont Morgan can reorganize and put the New York baseball club on a sound game-and-shekel-winning basis.

THE small boy's bliss is boiling on apace;
Its dancing sunshine perfectly we trace
Right from the bottom of his heart unto
The huckleberry fresco on his face.

'Tis in the swimming-hole he spends the day;
He goes barefoot, and that's what makes him gay;
And when he smokes the corn-silk cigarette,
Oh, isn't he an eastern monarch, say?

* * *

MONEY that was once known in the vernacular simply as dust is now known as coal-dust.

* * *

WE ARE often inclined to fancy that even the milk of human kindness is not entirely free from germs.

* * *

THE LITHE, bedimpled houris that ripple and drift serenely in the swirling killikinickscape are the pipe-dreams that lure even while they elude us.

* * *

MR. DEVERY delights and electrifies the multitudes when he unleashes his bazoo and sets off the pyrotechnics of what might be called his aldermanic English.

* * *

THE TWISTING of the tail of the Democratic lion should be productive of a fine sample of that elusive melody commonly and loosely known and accepted as Democratic harmony.

* * *

A CONTEMPORARY says that Bryan's hands are tied. From a Republican point of view it is better that his hands should be tied than that his tongue should be in the same condition, inasmuch as many of his æolian utterances are of a quality and spirit that make them fine material for the formulation of Republican campaign literature.

* * *

WHAT perfect joy we know until we blink
The while our molars and incisors sink
And sink and sink in sweet forgetfulness
Into the watermelon's juicy pink!

We note the seeds, each one of which next year
Will be a melon when the amber beer,
Froth-laden, flows to lift us from the earth—
Ah, may we then, alas! be whole and here.

A watermelon 'neath the whirling fan,
A mug of beer and sweet Belinda Ann,
Makes any wilderness the paradise
To which fair fancy points its caravan.

A DISSIPATED IDEA.

MRS. HANDOUT—"You look like a dissipated man."
TRAMP—"I am, mum."
MRS. HANDOUT—"Were you ever married?"
TRAMP—"Uv course, mum. Dat wuz w'ot dissipated de idea I once had dat I wuz a man."

A COON SERENADE.

I WISH I wuz a hoot-owl
An' yo' wuz livin' nigh;
I'd stay 'wake all night, Lindy,
Ef yo' wuz parsin' by.

I wish I wuz a sunflowah—
Oh, Lindy, 'deed I do!
Whenevah yo' wuz walkin'
I'd tu'n mah face to yo'.

Or ef yo' wuz a lily
I'd laik to be de breeze;
I'd whispah to yo' daily,
Laik springtime to de trees.

Oh, Lindy, yo's mah daisy,
Oh, Lindy, yo's mah pearl;
Yo' is mah sho'-'nuff sweetheart,
Mah Alabama girl.

I is yo'r lonely Efram,
A-pinin' quick away,
Becos yo' won't, mah Lindy,
Jes' name de happy day.

F. H. B.

THE REVISED VERSION.

Sunday-school teacher—"All flesh is—well, Johnny; can you tell us the golden text?"

Johnny Cumso (eagerly)—"All flesh is to keep off the grass."

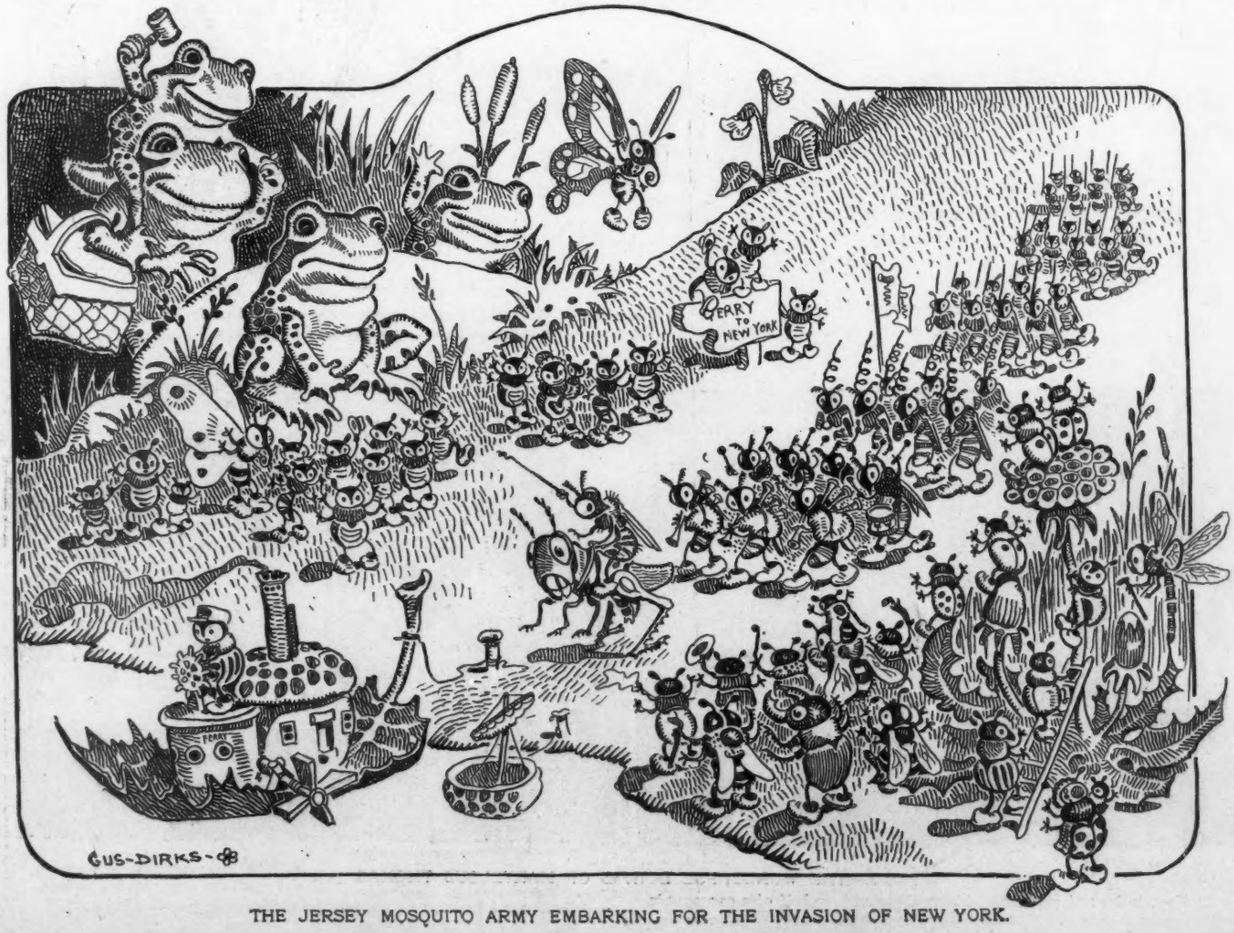
A GOOD REASON.

HE—"I don't know any man who hates new women as Jones does."
SHE—"Why, he married one."
HE—"That's the reason."

A COMPARISON.

"ISN'T it awful? Isn't it wicked?" asked the modest lady, viewing for the first time the scantily-garbed goddesses and other beings who were represented in the pictures of the great art-gallery.

"Well," ventured her escort, "it does remind one a great deal of the advertising pages of the magazines, doesn't it?"



THE JERSEY MOSQUITO ARMY EMBARKING FOR THE INVASION OF NEW YORK.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MISS PERCY HASWELL.

When you gambol, when you kick,
Time flies on the double quick.

When you caper, when you skip,
Grim care loses all its grip.

On the glide or on the wing,
You are quite the real thing.

Therefore near as well as far
You will e'er outstar the star,

Who is never through and through
Just the same as little you.

TWO SYMPATHIZERS.

"AH," SAYS the gentleman in the sombre garb to his chance acquaintance on the train, "there is lots of trouble in this world."

"Indeed there is," agrees the other, who is attired in garments of worldly cut; "indeed there is."

"Not a day passes," resumes the first, "but some poor soul comes to me to lay the burden of his woes before me."

"Me, too," says the second man.

"So many are ill and in despair," sighs the first.

"So many are bothered by business cares," says the second.

"Many of them have suffered serious misfortune."

"Most of them have seen better days."

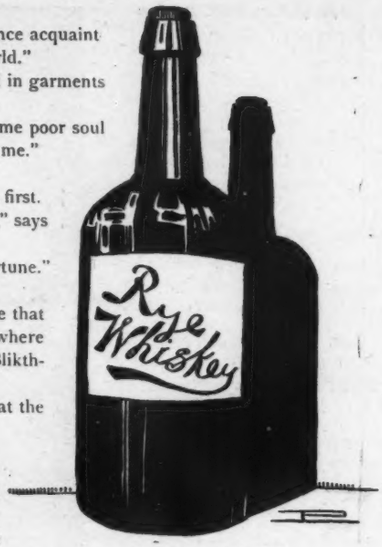
"Ah, sir," said the first gentleman, "I see that we must be similarly situated. May I inquire where you are stationed? I am the pastor of the Blikth-avenue Methoterian church."

"I," says the second man, "am bar-keeper at the Thavenoo hotel."

ALL IS VANITY.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Why is Mrs. Gadsby so glad she hasn't any children?"

Dorcas—"It gives her more time to attend those mothers' meetings."



A TRANCE MEDIUM.

HIS APPROPRIATE OBSERVATION.

"BY CRACKY!" ruefully remarked the dime-museum manager immediately after the fight, "that's certainly one time that"—he had sought to pry into the tattooed man's family history and had been soundly drubbed by the pugnacious freak—"my curiosity got the best of me."

VERBOSE AT THAT.

"GENTLEMEN," said the new senator from the oil country, "I have not prepared a speech. I do not consider it necessary. I have twenty million dollars."

After a long, long time the hearers assimilated the thought that money talks.

A NEW ONE.

WAYFARER—"Goodness, my boy! what are you lying there for?"
KID—"Aw, dis is a new game. We're playin' automobile."

NO. 7.—THE WONDERFUL DOINGS OF MARVELOUS THOMAS.

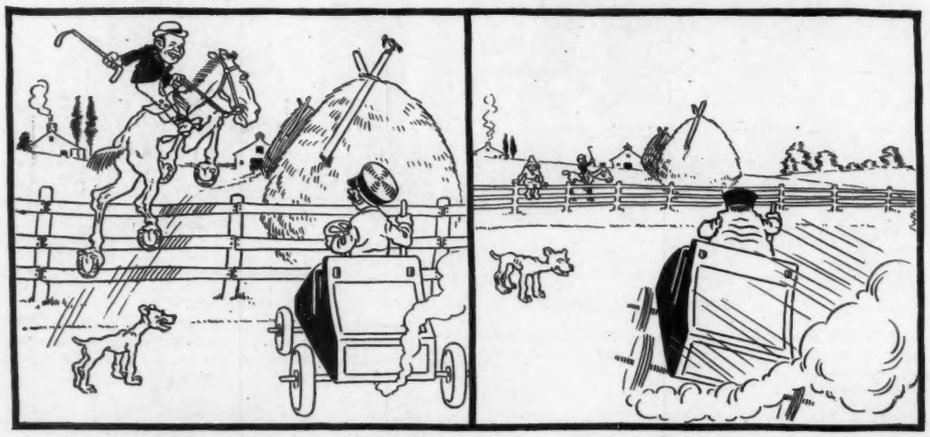
"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have sketched here half of a cocoanut, a tropical product, and with the addition of a superstructure we have a——

——South-sea islander, who will now proceed to sing you a topical song."

A SADDENING THOUGHT.

CHAUNCEY—"So your father seemed disappointed when you told him I was a poet?"
EDITH—"Yes. He said he was afraid some editor would kill you before he got a chance."

AN IDYL OF THE EQUESTRIAN AND THE CHAUFFEUR.



1.

EQUESTRIAN—"By-by, old man! Here's where I beat you home. I cut cross-lots, and you'll have to keep to the road fifteen miles around."

2.

CHAUFFEUR—"That so? Wait until I get a good start and I'll show you——

UP TO THE STANDARD.

"THERE'S a feller here," said the loquacious landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Arkansas, "that had a spell of sickness, an' ever since then he can't remember who he is, nor where he's been, nor anything he's ever done."

"Ah!" replied the tourist, "I presume his friends will send him to a sanitarium."

"Gosh, no! We all feel sorry for him, an' are talkin' of turnin' in an' electin' him to the legislature."

GEOGRAPHICAL HORROR.

Rivers (looking at his watch)—"Are you Hungary?"

Brooks—"Yes, Siam."

Rivers—"Well, come along. I'll Fiji."

A DEDUCTION.

"I WAN' shay ri' here zhat my wife 's a charmer," declared the obviously intoxicated gentleman. No person contradicting him, he continued, "I wan' shay again, gemmen, my wife 's a charmer. Un'stan' me?—a charmer! Wow!"

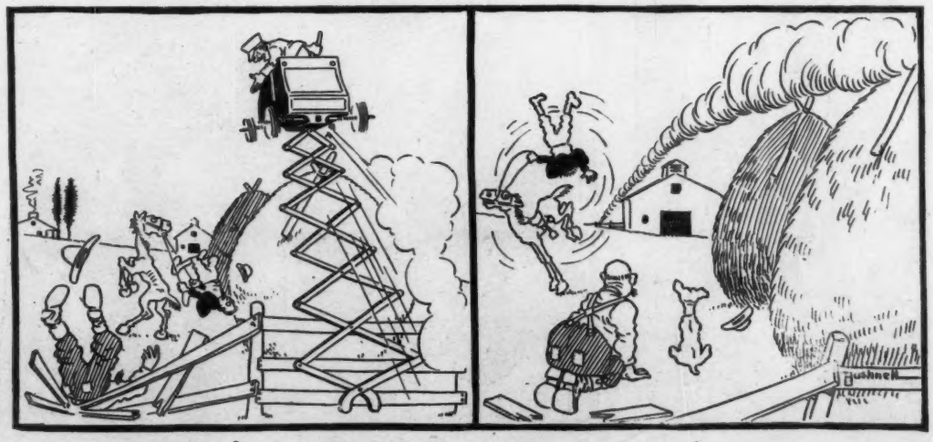
Here a small, clear voice from the edge of the crowd was heard to inquire,

"A snake-charmer?"

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Dime-museum manager—"What is that peculiar smell?"

The living skeleton—"The rubber-skin burned his finger lighting a cigarette."



3.

——my patent cross-country jumping auto. See you later, old man."

4.

FARMER—"Holy jumpin' Jehu!"

UP IN THE AIR.

"Cheer up, professor! We may get within the earth's orbit again."

PROFESSOR—"Oh, it isn't that. According to my theory of attraction this asteroid should not have enough force of gravity to hold us here."

HOW HE GOT IT.

"SAM JOHNSING 'lows he's got dishyuh ping-pong ankle," observed Mr. Darkleigh.

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Snowball. "Laik ter know how dat niggah got it. He nevah play no ping-pong."

"Well, he say he cotch it f'um bouncin' back an' fo'th ovah Mistah Jones's fence las' Monday night, wid dem two bull-dogs pingin' an' pongin' on each side er de fence, jes' 'kase he try ter see ef de chicken-coop wuz locked."

"THE marriage of the Boston young lady and the Chicago man was a case of love at first sight, was it not?"

"Yes; they were married when she didn't know pork and he didn't know beans."

A BORN COLLECTOR.

"I BELIEVE," murmurs the proud mother, "that our little Willie is destined to become a multimillionaire."

"Does he want to go to work?" asks the doubting father.

"No; but he doesn't seem to be able to understand the least thing about art."

AT PALM BEACH.

Impecune—"Which of old Moneypenny's daughters are you going to propose to?"

Foreign count—"Oh, the youngest one first."

A PERVERTED PROVERB.

Mrs. Henpeck—"Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder."

Henpeck—"I suppose so, my dear. At any rate, I never feel so fond of you as when you are absent."

WHAT A MAN *INTENDS* TO DO WHEN HE GETS MARRIED.

He tells his fiancee's brother that his wife will never have to ask him for money. "I've seen too many niggardly husbands."

(*Several years later.*) "What! more money? Confound it, Helen! you don't mean to tell me you've spent that two dollars prize-money you got last month for writing those receipts?"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

ISAACS—"I shouldn't t'ink you vould care to do peeshniss in a fire-proof building."
COHEN—"Oh, I don't own der building; I only own der shtock."

OUT FOR THE SCADS.

I PAINT the cow picture that's certain to sell,
I do in a jiffy the finest pastel;
And often I fashion the fine fashion-plate
To bring me the shekels that snicker at fate.

I paint golden-rod on the art tambourine,
I illustrate "ads" for the big magazine;
And sometimes on birch-bark and sometimes on jugs
I rattle out thistledown, daisies and bugs.

And that's why the shingle that hangs at my door
E'er fills me with pride till with laughter I roar;
For there, 'neath my name, like a legend of fate,
I've written, "M. Angelos done while you wait."

OUT OF IT.
JOHNNIE PERCH—"I want to play leap-frog, too—boo-hoo!"

REALLY A CONVENIENCE.

"SKRIBBLES is writing a new novel, in which the hero and heroine are deaf and dumb," explains the mutual friend.

"How queer!" comments the other mutual friend.

"Oh, I don't know. He says it's a great convenience. When he gets tired of inventing conversations for them he just has them hold hands for the rest of the chapter, while he writes about the scenery or the weather."

A COMING PROMOTION.

"AND what," asked the cannibal chieftain in his kindest tones, "what was your business before you were captured by my men?"

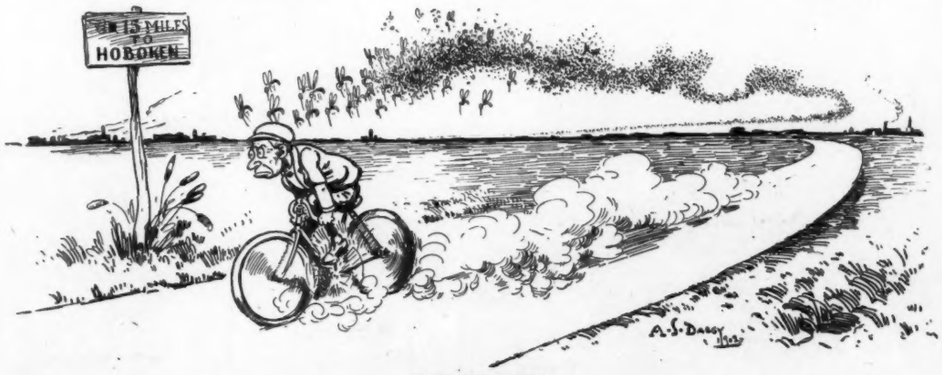
"I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?"

"No; merely a sub-editor."

"Cheer up, young man! Shortly after my chef has finished his perusal of the cook-book you will be editor-in-chief."

Laughing heartily at his bon-mot, the cannibal chief wanted to know if the captive had a funny-bone.



RATHER HARD.
The scientific fellows assert that the mosquito never travels from its breeding-place, but it would be hard to make the fellow on the wheel believe it.

THE ONLY WAY.

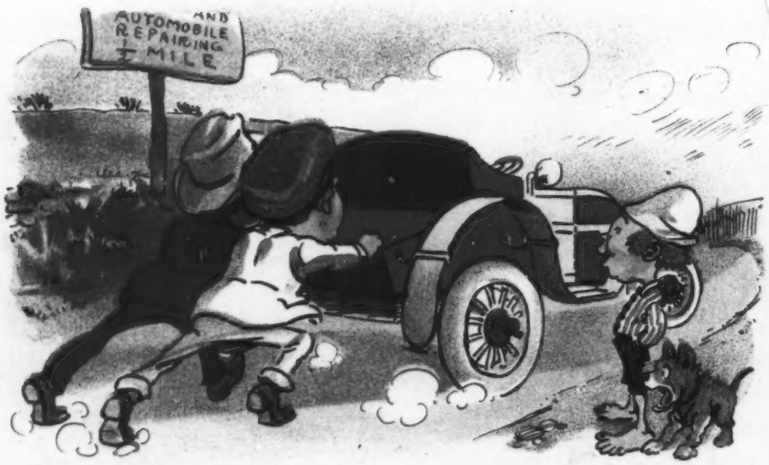
Mistress—"Bridget, the clock has stopped at twelve."

Maid—"Yis, mum. Ye told me not to let it run down, so Oi shtopped it at twilve."

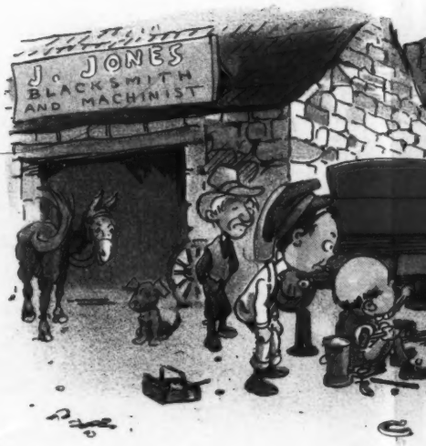
HOW IT HIT HIM.
SHE—"What is sadder than the fall of the year?"
STOCKSON (*sadly*)—"Well, there's the fall in copper."

1.
4.00 p. m.—Mr. Whip—"Ta-ta, Bill! I'm out for a little spin before tea. I'll be back in half an hour."

2.
4.10 p. m.—A bolt fast.



4.
4.20 p. m.—Push.



5.
4.30 p. m.—Fixing

7.
5.01 p. m.—Down the hill! Brake won't work! Can't stop!

8.
5.02 p. m.—S

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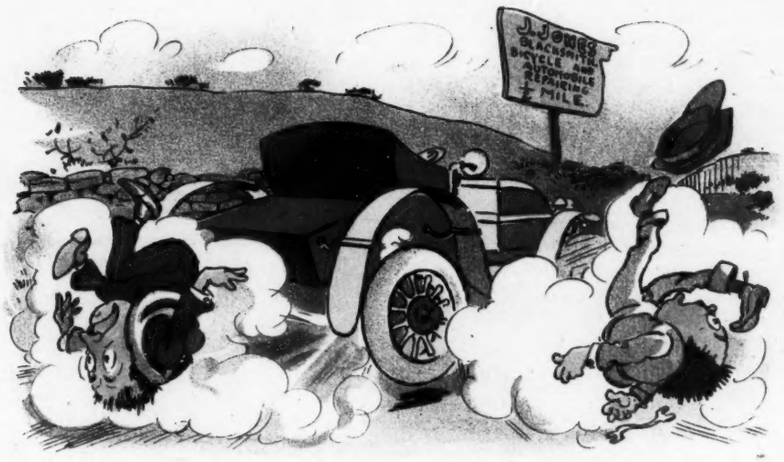
NOTHING U

MR. WHIP TAKES A SPIN

A bolt fast.



3.
4.11 p. m.—It's loose.

5.
p. m.—Fixing.

6.
5.00 p. m.—"Get out of the way!"

8.
5.02 p. m.—Stopped!

9.
7.27 p. m.—Homeward bound.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York.

NG UNUSUAL.
SPIN ON HIS AUTOMOBILE.

A BABYOLOGICAL FACT.

THE hero of this chronicle has been a proud father for about two months, albeit there are times when he is not quite as proud as he is ready to say in words. And words, too, scarcely fit for publication in a family journal, more's the pity, when we come to consider that it is only a dear, sweet little angel of a baby that is the cause of them.

It is painful to contemplate how proud a young father is of his first-born in the day-time and how he loses all his paternal vanity in the night-time.

This was the condition of this young father one morning about two a. m., when he was rubbing his eyes and stumbling around looking for a paregoric bottle or a club, or anything that might come handy in an emergency.

His gentle wife was there, too, and it wasn't long until she observed that there was a slumbering volcano in her husband's bosom that was likely to wake up at any minute.

"Did you know, Richard," she said in that anxious tone a woman falls into when she wants a man to get to thinking about something else than what he is then thinking about, "that a baby does not begin to cry tears until it is three months old?"

"Is that so?" is what he was about to say, when he butted his shin against a rocker and said something else—no matter what it was. He said it with an emphasis, too, that caused his wife to fear the worst.

"It will only be a month now until our darling boy will cry tears," she continued soothingly.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked as he picked up a bottle.

"In a book, dear."

The baby had caught its second wind and was using every breath of it in a series of yells that would have turned a campaign procession into a side street.

"What book?" he shouted at her as he tried to get a spoon into the baby's mouth.

"I forgot," she shrieked back at him. "It wasn't a book; it was in the evening paper."

A gleam of hope lighted his face. "Do you remember whether it said anything about there being tears enough to drown its voice?" And dropping the bottle on to the baby and the baby into his wife's lap, he started after the paper, and the baby flourished another lung through the shadows of the night.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

ALL HE ASKED.

MIKE—"Are yez drowndin', Pat?"
PAT—"Oi am. Jump in an' pull me out."
MIKE—"Oi can't shwim."
PAT—"Thin jump in an' let me shtand on yez, ye fule!"

A TART REPLY.

"MY child," reproved the mother of vinegar, "why don't you work?"

"Well," replied the vinegar sourly, "I have no desire to be bottled up during my salad days."

The captain—"Yo' fool niggah! yo' done call dat safe?"

The umpire—"Wa-al, it am putty clus; an' when I's in doubt I allus gibs it to de side whad has de least runs."

MATHEMATICS.

BENEDICT—"I tell you, old man, it doesn't cost any more to support two than it does one."
BACHELOR—"Then what's the matter with three?"

Yeast—"Do you know any difficult tricks with matches?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes; I've often tried to light a cigar with my last one."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Here, waiter, bring me a big cup o' that there demi-tasse, or whatever you call it. It tastes jest like coffee to me."—*New York Journal.*

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

Some doctors were talking the other day about the case of the western woman who was indignant to find that her vermiform appendix had been removed when she hadn't expected it. One of them told this story:

A man was struck by a car on Broadway. He was removed to a hospital in an insensible condition. After a cursory examination the surgeon said, "We had better operate at once for appendicitis."

The patient was stripped in order that he might be prepared for the ordeal, and this legend was found tattooed on his chest: "In case of accident don't operate for appendicitis. It has been removed twice already."

They then concluded that he was only suffering from shock.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THAT BABY.

It ain't no trouble now to find
The things that used to be
A-scattered round about the house,
Or hid away from me.

The paper 's allus right to hand,
The tidy's on the chair,
My hat don't leave the front hall peg
'Most 'fore I hang it there.

An' everything is orderly,
An' just the way it's put,
Without a raft o' cur'us truck
A-kickin' under foot.

But when I look around the room
An' see the chairs jus' so,
An' all the things a-settin' in
The place they ought to go,

I'd give the rest o' this ol' life
If I could only see
That baby strewin' things around
The way they used to be.

—*Portland Oregonian.*

Superintendent—"It is our usual custom to let a prisoner work at the same trade in here as he did outside. Now, what is your trade? Shoemaker, blacksmith, or"——

Prisoner—"Please, sir, I was a traveling salesman."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Biggs—"So you were the only one of the crowd to bring back any fish, eh? How did that happen?"

"*Boggs*—"We played poker all day, and when we got through, I was the only one who had enough money to buy any."—*Sun.*

City man (looking for summer board)—"What are the meteorological conditions in this neighborhood?"

Farmer—"Oh, they're all right. They ain't no meteors fell in fifteen years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I suppose," said the supercilious stranger in town, "your city has had its ups and downs, notwithstanding its present prosperity?"

"Yep," replied the resident cheerfully, "still got 'em. Streets being torn up and old buildings being torn down."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

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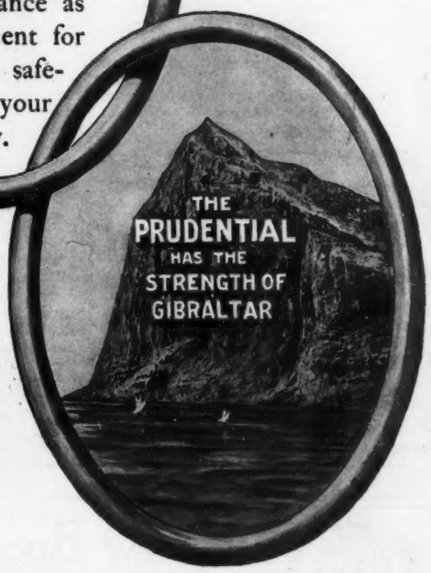

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Only salesroom in Greater New York.

EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

Put in colander
DON'T COOK.
1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

Salt the water

Pour water through
FOR BABY TOO.
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THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

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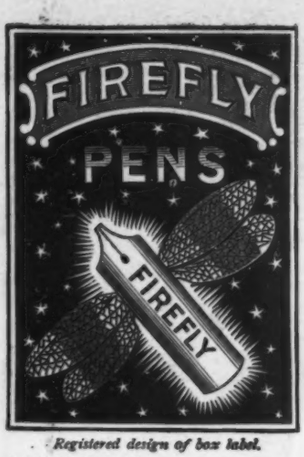

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  And lightly lays it on the tee;
They say he was thirteen last fall,
  But, oh, to putt as well as he!
  His face from whiskers still is free—
He drives! Behold the gutty go!
  It was a man's game once—ah me,
The boys are laying Bogey low.

There's Eddie, whose brown arms are small,
  Whose shoulders barely reach your knee,
Whose rocking-horse stands in the hall,
  Who has just learned his A, B, C—
  He has a stroke that all agree
Is better than the experts show;
  He drives the ball far o'er the lea;
The boys are laying Bogey low.

They've left their marbles, tops, and all
  The other toys that used to be
So dear to boyish hearts; they sprawl
  No more beneath the greenwood tree,
  But each child takes a gallery,
Applauding, round the course—they know
  The royal game from A to Z—
The boys are laying Bogey low.

L'ENVOI.

Friend, are there no glories left that we
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Hark to their childish shouts of glee—
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—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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"What do you think," they asked the visiting Englishman, after entertaining him in lavish fashion, "of the new race that is being evolved in this country?" And whether it was the champagne, a touch of inspiration, or simply a misunderstanding of the remark, the Englishman's reply was:

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The maiden wept and tore her hair,
And dropt her own in deep dejection,
A saucy wave had smote her where
She'd lately placed her new complexion.
—*Baltimore News.*

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"Are you sure?"
"Quite. She married the first time for love and the second time for the same reason."

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IN DANGER'S HOUR.

BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MINUTES IN THE LIFE OF GASTON LE STRENUOUS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILL'YUM AND ME," "THE STOVEPIPE OF PAPA," "TO GET AND TO HANG ON TO," AND "THE CONCEIT OF OMAHA."

IT WAS a mild morning in April, 1610, around ten o'clock, when I, Gaston le Strenuous, arrived at the outskirts of the capital of Buritania. I was speculating on my chances of future greatness when I observed a cloud of dust rapidly approaching. Nearer and nearer it rolled, and nearer and nearer the thunder of hoofs resounded. At length a fiery jennet flashed into view. One glance at the fair rider's face revealed to me Elizabeth de Sauterne-Moselle, whose image was destined never to fade from my heart. When opposite where I stood the noble steed fell exhausted. But a few paces behind in frantic leaps sped the form of a royal Bengal tiger. It sufficed but an instant to dismount, and the ready sword of my ancestors flashed in the sunlight. The combat was strenuous. Backward and forward we swayed. Finally the tawny beast grasped the sword and wrenched it from my hands, when with a last despairing effort I seized him by the throat and, bending his head backward, broke his neck.

Scarce had the combat terminated and I was resting from my labors when suddenly as though sprung from the earth there encircled me a troop of horse whose badge, the famous two crossed, sky-blue mackerel rampant, bore sufficient testimony to the fact that they were the minions of him whom men then named with bated breath as the "pea-green cardinal."

"Ha! what is this?" exclaimed the leader, in whom I was not at a loss to perceive the notorious ruffian, Charlatrousse de la Vin Ordinaire. "A violation of the edicts relative to the killing of Bengal tigers! Surrender, caitiff!"

"Never," I cried, and the attack began. They were fifty-three of the most renowned swordsmen in Europe, so it took fully ten minutes before they were placed hors de combat.

As my dagger was clicking merrily against the gorget of the last I accidentally paused to note the worried look which was spreading over the fair face of Mlle. de Sauterne-Moselle. Like a flash the situation presented itself to me. A similarity of feature, form and bearing revealed that unwittingly I was about to slay her brother-in-law.

"S'death," I cried, "young man, your life is spared. '

"But not my honor, gadzooks," he answered. "I had sworn to take thee alive."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," and we were about to re-engage when the pleading expression of my loved one's countenance determined me.

"My sword, i'faith, I will never surrender," I cried, breaking it across my knee. "But, fair youth, I follow you."

As the iron doors of the royal prison for inebriates clanged behind, I indeed felt that all hope had departed. Thrust into a narrow cell half full of water and half of air I began speculating on the chances of escape. But one opportunity presented itself. Unbuckling my strong leather belt I detached the buckle, which was soon fashioned into a serviceable pickaxe. Ten feet of solid granite were soon pierced, and before my friend the warden again passed on his rounds I was swinging by the leather thong over one hundred feet of space. A quick drop into the moat and I breathed the air of freedom. But not for long.

Cannon-balls rained around me as I sped up the street. I count it no cowardice that I did not stop to pick up my hat, which one had knocked off.

Turning into a narrow street I was congratulating myself when a noise like thunder pealed forth. Huge cracks opened in the pavement. Trapped at last. I had unwarily entered upon a section of the city where a rapid-transit road was being constructed. Suddenly, after a frantic effort to regain my footing, I fell into a yawning cavern that opened before me.

When I awoke all was darkness. The damp earth encompassed me close about, but by strenuous exertions I finally managed to wriggle first one, then all ten toes. And now began a forward burrowing which was necessarily slow. One, two, three, four, and five miles were toilsomely traveled within the bowels of the earth. At length a stone wall seemed to bar further progress. Wrenching away a giant bowlder, however, I fell forward into a damp void. One glance around sufficed to convince me that I was in the dungeon of the palace. Had I but exchanged a Scylla for a Charybdis?

But soon the sound of voices recalled me to myself. The speaker could be none other than the pea-green cardinal.

"For reasons of state," he was saying, "it is expedient that King Bardolph die." A click of steel seemed to give answer.

Remembering the sage advice of my second cousin one remove, never to count odds, I plunged at them. A noble fight we had in that grim old dungeon. The last of the dozen bravi was but rendering his expiring sigh when lights flashed and the king entered with Mlle. de Sauterne-Moselle on his arm.

"Ha! what is it, methinks I see? Treason! Take this as an eternal evidence of thy sovereign's gratitude," and he joined our hands. One instant our entire being surged up within us. "My love, my queen," I said; "Gaston, my king," she answered.

"And now," said our gracious liege, "it being just twelve o'clock, let us to dinner."

H. GERALD CHAPIN.

"It ought not to be a hard matter to overcome that railroad freight tie-up in Chicago."

"How can it be done?"

"Turn the baggage-smashers loose on it."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Patience—"She says she just loves the surf."

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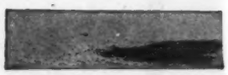

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"T' call me down!"—*Baltimore News.*

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"We have bested the English, even in our surrender," asserts the first Boer.

"Yes," agreed the second. "We get about all we ask for."

"About all?" repeats the first. "Why, man, we will not even be compelled to drop our h's."—*Baltimore American.*

"I see Boston people eat pie in the morning and New Yorkers have it at night. Which do you think the better way, doctor?"

"Well, I should say the New York style. The longer a man puts off eating pie the better it is for him."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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"Perfectly," said the applicant; "I'm not opposed to lying occasionally."

"What references have you?"

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"Charlotte," said the first, who was of her sex and a friend, "strives to be strictly up to the minute with her horseless carriage and other things."

"Yes," responded the other, who was also feminine and an even closer friend, "she even affects a birthdayless age."—*Indianapolis News.*

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"Why not?" asked the tailor.

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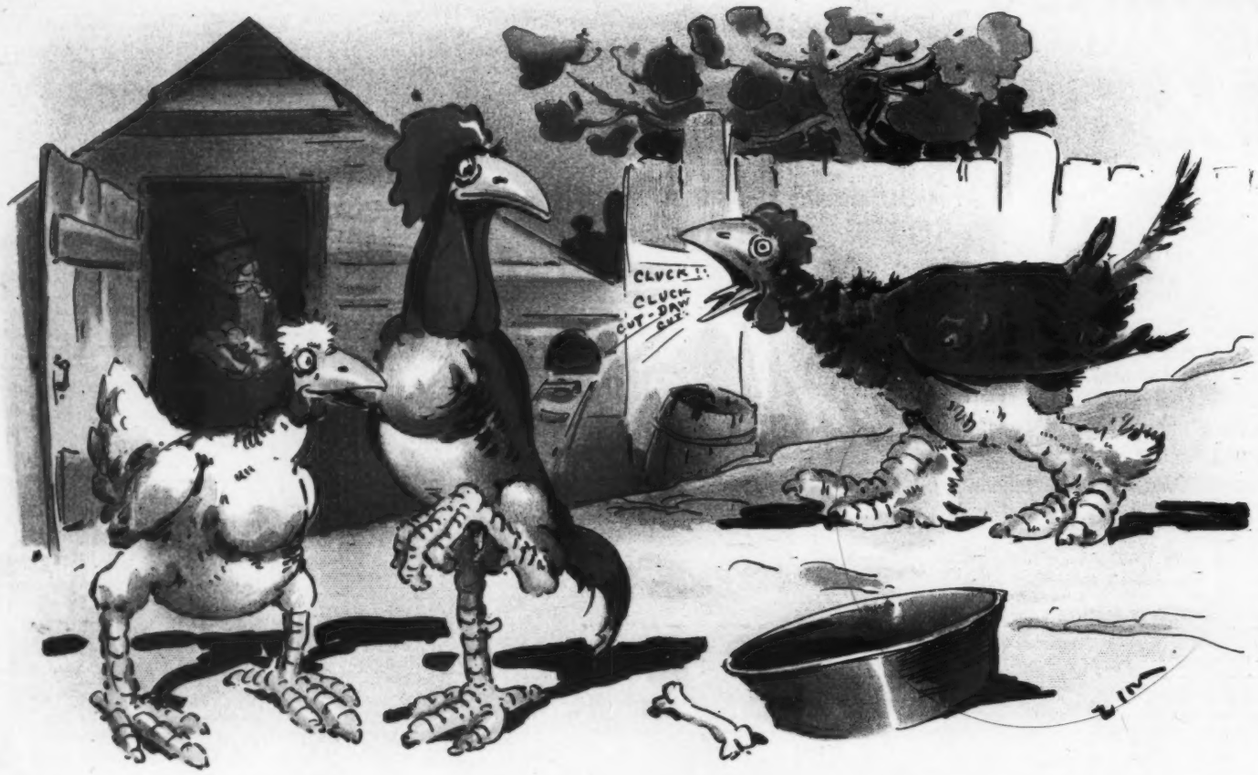

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